

Project Veneridae: let the sky fall
by a-writers-queue

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Summary: AU; Dystopian "Project Veneridae" is the team of seven flames; Sky, Storm, Lightning, Rain, Sun, Cloud and Mist. With all of them teamed together, the rotten government could be overthrown. But what happens when Reborn, an "Arcobaleno" realizes the government isn't what it shows to be? Pairings; 2795, maybe 1869 One year anniversary since writing khr fiction T for safety

1. Chapter 1

_**Here we are now.
>The silly willy is starting on a new one~ { gosh, finish the old ones first- ha ha no. }**_**
**The theme on this one is dystopian times. Has nothing to relate with the actual storyline of KHR. Expect no soft stories from the weak writer**
>***Subject to rate higher, and possible warnings come later.***
>***Pairings?*** : I'm not a fan of war-romance, but there is unfortunately**_**

**Age group is around mid-teenagers; 16-20, and adults are 27-32**

_**As always, lovely **__**disclaimers: Katekyo Hitman REBORN! and its characters do not belong to me, it belongs to Akira Amano. The idea and setting do though.**_

* * *

><p>Project Veneridae;_

**Prologue:**

Big brother said everything was perfect if he was the one sitting on top of all.

He controls all like a God.

He is the saviour, the one whom everyone relies for their lives.

_ "Let me be your big brother." a kind voice would always have said, as he pat the shoulder of the lost child. The child would either smile or have their sleeves wipe the tears from their eyes. Big brother was warm..._

a child's face would be caressed by a warm hand, ears having sweet words of comfort, and eyes of purity as big brother explained things that they had not a clue on.

Big brother would protect all of them. Big brother was your father. Big brother was everything.

But...

Who is Big brother?

-x-

Seven colour constitute the rainbow.

The colours of power. The heirarchy.

The powers in their titles. Sky, Storm, Lightning, Rain, Sun, Cloud and Mist.

The Sky was the one who held of them together in a warm embrace. Generally the strongest and due to it's trait of harmony, it is the one that is valued as the highest. The Sky is the one who holds the bright Sun, the sailing Cloud, letting the Rain fall, creating a further Storm, tagged along with the Lightning, and finally, be shrouded by Mist.

There was no.. incorrect. There was a preferred flame that everyone would want to be born as, the Sky. Sky holds all privilege and is looked as the core to success.

The Sky is everything. A sign of perfection.

-••-

_But what is a sky itself? _

-xx-

Anything is watched. Tell a dog to watch a rat walk, and it will.

Not like in a sense of being stalked. There were no surveillance cameras even though they call it being "watched", as it was more of the higher class police force or the protection squads who were watching over the innocent lives and ridding of the already evil ones.

So it wasn't badly watched, considering how the world was in a pretty perilous state. It was almost as if the world hated everyone around it and refused to develop, and its behaviour has influenced people to do the same.

People were dumping one over another, they were hurting others simply because they found that it was more trouble than it was worth to help someone. The rich prevail and the poor stay poor.

The rich are the ones who live in real houses, the poor only have something to cover themselves in.

The stereotype had always said; a house is when you have a roof over your head. More like, under yourself, to save yourself from the cold of the night and weather.

...Both were necessary, not just one.

It was a dirty place in the outskirts of the beautiful yet ugly city. Beautiful that it had lights all around it that shield all of its ugliness. The old creaky buildings were overlooked because surrounding the vacant or occupied areas were verandas of beauty, new buildings and a lot of signs of a healthy country.

..But ugly because of the dangers that are overlooked by it.

Worst of them all, a young boy of no experience in real life, was chosen by one of the most skilled teachers to overthrow the government that chained them into the society system they were in. It was truly hopeless for a young boy with the eyes of innocence, hands of a weakling, and motivation of no one, unbeknowing of the old garbage that is covered by something bright, the terrifyingly old buildings that can't support anyone, the crying souls waiting for death, to do anything that was worthwhile.

The only miracle was that he had a great teacher, but the student themselves were awful. Never seeing the disgust of the world, they didn't know what it meant to be fighting against a system.

Perhaps that wasn't the only miracle. There was one he took for granted; he was a "high-class" from what the records say. The pampered ones, who get all the education and well treatment as they worked hard.

To say he was a high-class in a "system" was wrong though. There wasn't a real system. There was no class system, it was just seeing who was richer than the other get more advantageous things because they can afford it.

It was a stretch to say they were living in a capitalist government, as it really was more of an imperialist government they were under the roof of. A government who has a strong degree of military strength, superiority, a force to be reckoned with, that you would be sorry had you come on the wrong side of the road because of their fearsomeness.

Everyone was chained down according to this fate. There was no such thing as doing things that were going out of the spectrum of what they commanded you to do or live as. Sure you could possibly promote,

but that was it. Life was what was designated to you.

Sawada Tsunayoshi, the hopeless "high-classed" child of eighteen years, was safe from most of the "persecution" because he was one of that superiority wing. He was a powerful being in terms of being in the hierarchy. This was why he was able to do whatever he pleased, but the only thing that keeps him away from doing "what he wants" was that he didn't want it!

Basically, he didn't know he was able to use the strongest element of flames; the Sky.

He hated the privileges that he took for granted. He wanted to live "normally", without having such luxury he thought everyone would be having, and wanted a new way to it, but he didn't dare think of going against the government for it. It was impossible. He didn't have the skill of the high-class that he should be having, he was practically a useless child in a setting he took for granted.

His teacher must've cried to release him from being his teacher. Maybe not, considering how he seemed to laugh about it, then telling those around him that this boy.. this child that you are mock will be the one who changes them all. He is going to experience the rage of war and come out as the successful one. The only successful one among the nobles because he would know how the other classes lived.

"That's impossible though.." he sighed. It became one of his catchphrases that everything was impossible or he couldn't do it, so no one should rely on him for it to begin with. It was a terrible idea that he was assigned practically one of the best hitmen as a teacher. He cried for his teacher rather than the teacher feeling sad about it.

The teacher of his was thrilled to make a revolutionary change for the boy. The reasons were unknown, but it must've been how he could be famous for creating one of the best leaders in the world in a matter of time. Reputation didn't sound like him, or that was what the student had said, although everyone believed it when he joked about fame and glory, saying:

"That's obvious, why would you waste your time if it wasn't for a glorious cause?"

It is a long road. A perilous, dangerous, scary road. But it was a path. He had his plans set.

There was something to gain from it.

A revolutionary gain.

-o-

**Chapter 1: Storm**

This was something without his knowledge to study, as textbooks or other tutors with the boy didn't know of the teacher's plans. They were scared to ask him too.

The man had a pragmatic mind of his own, no one could possibly

understand him even if they tried to. He was one of those people whose mind you could never read no matter what the cause was.

He found people at a random time, but at the perfect timing as well, considering whenever there is something of necessity, or if someone wanted to have a meeting with him or something, he knew exactly when to come by. It was truly frightening.

The face of a young child, but the mind of millions. That was what they called the young yet old, childish yet mature, teacher of Sawada Tsunayoshi.

He was significantly shorter than him too. Considering Sawada was someone of not too majestic height, he was shorter. Yes, that teacher was even shorter than that student. The student stood at a height of 5'9, but the teacher was around 4'4. Considerably short for a professional teacher that one would expect to be 7 feet or taller.

That remarkable teacher with a name that no one where it originated; Reborn. No one knew his family, where he came from, not even his date of birth, although there was a given date.

Reborn.

Although.. it didn't matter who were named what. Anyone could be named whatever they were given and that was that.

Tsunayoshi wasn't a common name either. Rumours had it that that was an emperor's name. That boy was prophesized by the teacher to be one. Maybe it was a predestined name for him.

Not bad.. not bad at all.

But in order to be the emperor/commander whatever it was, he would need allies. The power of one is impeccable, but sometimes there is the need for a friend.

This was the situation where the power of one, needed the gift of a friend.

And the teacher knew exactly who to call for this.

Gokudera Hayato.

The bombsmith with the power of raging explosives.

Bombsmith was a joke they called him because of his efficiency to make explosives at the shortest of time and have it explode at such good rates, he could've been called the government's bomber had they needed him.

It was to compare to no one. His self-defense was on par with what they needed. But to convince him to join Sawada's soon to become team would be a difficult task, because he almost kills anyone who comes in his way.

Reborn too, is too meticulous. He knew he was only looking for a leader to follow and show his skills to. Someone to protect, unlike the "lame" partners who do nothing but save themselves in time of

need. He knew how to speak in the manner that everyone would cry "this is what I've been looking for all my life!", and knew who to really call.

Though to get him to befriend or make an alliance with Sawada was going to be trouble. He was going to work this out. Not a single soul would disapprove his actions.

They don't know what they are getting into, after all.

-OO-

Reborn journeyed by himself.

He found it to be legitimate cause to say he was going for a few days in order to "get more material to teach", which he had told everyone around him, including Sawada who was tired and considered.. not making progress in his studies.

He wasn't upset or anything with Sawada, unlike what he was assuming. Sawada had the impression that he was giving up on him. That it was all over, there was nothing left for him to learn if he was going to continue this.

But Reborn wasn't. He just wanted to test himself because he knew it was a bit intimidating that Reborn was evaluating him.

Oh well.. he might not see the results of leaving Sawada behind.

Finding the person he was looking for, he casually stepped over. It was a small little place, like any blacksmith's place, small, slabs of metal around the dark brown brick-esque walls, the fire place where the heat stones are picked up for forging weapons..

Well this one had a lot of other things too. There were some cylinders of metal around, some nets that looked like the ones used for fish, a lot of ropes..

He was a bombsmith after all, too much fire would cause an ignition and hence cause the explosion right in the apparatus.

Though Reborn was suspicious that there must've been a lot of explosions in here, considering the smell of soot was evident and the outlook was a bit darkened.

At least the boy was successful.

At the young age of eighteen, not everyone can make successful bombs and actually have it used for war. It was generally the old knom-ish men, like.. dwarrows, or a dwarf if that is an easy word. It was always the Dwarf clans who created heavily explosive bombs and were the demolition squad.

Who knows, Gokudera might be a dwarf deep down inside.

Nah, it's the ancestors.

Had Reborn not sidestep as casually as he did, he would've been a

human kebab.

Gokudera had a dynamite thrown at the minute he was surveying the area. Reborn, of course, knowing that, sidestepped and made a clear distance between the bomb's explosion and himself, having himself unharmed.

"**Who are you?**" the boy, Gokudera, gruffly called. Reborn smiled.

It was always something the silverette always tried to do; sound intimidating. When he did, he always made his voice all gruff and angry to make it look as if he was ready to kill someone. It was fake as it was.

But people did get fooled, laugh all you want.

Reborn held his hat that was trying to fly off of his head as he smiled. "I'm sure you don't know me, or ever seen me before" he said incredulously.

"Of course I don't. Who are you?" he replied a bit irritated. Was this man trying to play games with him? Moreover, this is a child was trying to play games with him, considering how small he was, but talked as if he was so self-assured.

"My name.. might give you a scare. I fear" a smile that grew bigger as he spoke, he fingered one of his prominent curls on the sides of his face before leaning back on the wall.

>"Are you sure you want to know?"<p>

Gokudera pinched his temples. He sure did not have the time and patience for this. It was either answer, or just leave. He doesn't accept requests right now considering he was busy with preparing weapons for the army.

"Are you even going to tell?" finally he said, sounding a bit defeated. He moved away from the post to walk over to the small fedora boy, who seemed unnerved by his approach. It wasn't like he was too close. "If you don't have business, leave please." he lastly said, holding one of his prototype bombs.

Reborn kept a light smile as he pinched on the middle area of the bomb as it exploded with a tiny little pop on Gokudera. Because it wasn't done yet, the power was weak enough to make a cute sound and just pop.

"I'll kill you if you don't leave"

Reborn then sighed. He was wasting his time, even though he literally has the attention of the bombsmith. "I need you for something, could you follow me?"

"I'm afraid not. I have work" he moved away from him, but his attention stayed.

"Oh no, I'm sure this would be more important, it's urgent after all" Reborn then stepped forward.

"Are you a part of the blasted government too?"

"No but I'm the opposite"

-O-

"Are you going to explain what you meant?" a while after saying that, he questioned himself for leaving his place to follow the young boy. The last thing he told him was that he was the opposite to working with the government and then told him to follow.

For some reason he complied. There was something about him that said he really should not disobey him.

Even though he had his doubts on what they were even doing.

"My student here.. is someone who is going to oppose the government system we have now" Reborn finally replied him with a gleam of his eyes. Gokudera was surprised that he didn't look any nerved by their long travel of dashing through the forest.

He couldn't have been a normal person.

Then again, what made him think he was a normal kid? This guy wore a suit that most noble people wear, but more business-like, as if he was a part of something important. He had no armour, but his skills were impressive when it came to his speed. He was unaware of his fighting power as of right now the reason why he wouldn't judge the strength.

But the look in the boy's eyes told him volumes of being in long wars.

That was when it clicked to him.

Was he really that legendary assassin; Reborn?

"My name is Reborn, as you asked earlier, Gokudera Hayato"

He was probably a replica of Reborn, because Reborn was considered someone of an older age and look. This boy was small..

Gokudera decided.. he was going to play the skeptical one.

-OO-

There was a level of determination in his little chocolate coloured eyes when he focused his aim on the target. When he fired through the big rifle, the impact almost drew him back a step long steps, but it fired in a straight line, breaking the wooden target completely.

This was Sawada Tsunayoshi when he was not being supervised by Reborn, the young teacher with the fedora. His fear of the teacher stunted some of the display in his prowess, and as it may have been said once, Reborn knew that.

The reason as to why he left him to train for himself for a few days. He knew the boy took every lesson into his heart and has it carved into memory on how to reach that potential, but he was scared to show

it because of the possibility of more training that he wouldn't be able to endure.

Reborn didn't bother letting him know there was no more training after this.

It was so that he could continue this training and master it once and for all.

Sawada made a quick dash, avoiding every obstacle in his path. The speed test.

Each spot had a random trap that was put and needed quick thinking and even quicker action to counter it. Knowing this was Reborn who taught him, the traps always changed, but Sawada was so used to it like if it was nothing anymore.

It could be said that when Sawada puts himself to the test alone, his skills are impeccable, but when he is compared to one of the strongest fighters in the landscape; Hibari Kyouya, he wasn't in par as of yet, but he was getting there.

Hibari was literally the demon incarnate. Scary, powerful, dominating, imperialistic. He was not the head of the government, but he led his own team that mostly went in war, more like the resistance team. Bloodthirsty and equally strong, he always came successful at the young age of twenty.

Practically the strongest person anyone has ever known, or will know. Sawada looked up to him just as much as he feared the man, enough to never see his face for real but only on portraits. He stood tall and proud in each of them.

Sawada aspired to become strong like him when he found himself being eligible for enlisting in war, and the possibility of him having to. And most of all, being Reborn's student, he wanted to become the strength Hibari was to reach that level.

He trained harder.

To exceed what he was now.

He needed that determination he has never had before.

That _resolve_.

The resolve that reverberated between master and apprentice, he reached so far to achieve.

A light in his hands.

Be the light.

His hands were clenched, gloved in rather unique branded gloves that he was able to afford because of his wealth and class. They had blue ball like domes on each back of the hand, void of any design, but a light blue colour like the sky.

The light was in his hands, quote again. Quite literal, as his hands had begun to glow. The determination that was beginning to sprout,

warming his hands in a calming manner.

He had his determination imagined as if it was a flame inside of him, waiting to burst out of him.

that was exactly what happened.

Ephemeral, faint, but strong, beautiful orange coloured aura started to appear from Sawada's hands. His eyes were closed, but he felt his determination to become strong. Even though he didn't know of the darkside of the world right behind him, he was growing determined to develop a strength that would protect everyone.

Most of all, protect whom he loves. His family, his only friend; Sasagawa Kyouko, his teacher.. everyone whom he meets.

He didn't take notice, but the aura took shape, not a regular shape, but it surrounded him magnificently. It radiated a small amount of heat, but it raged with Sawada's battle power, his resolve. What he wanted to do, and how he would do it.

When he opened his eyes, they were fainter in colour as well, taking in the orange colour, and finally, his hair had a small spot where the fire shaped aura rested.

Dying will flame.

The rumoured power that ranked people according to what flame they can emit. The one he never had knowledge on because he never seen it for real.

It was only fairy tale and mythology.

No it was real this time.

Such a strong presence, it made some servants come out and wonder what he was doing as they suspected it was possibly Reborn doing something, but little did they know, it was their baby boy who came out with this strength.

They were astonished, flabberghasted, but proud of him. Small smiles appeared on their faces, seeing this impeccable strength of their little careless master.

He looked like an entirely different person.

Reborn coincidently dropped by. He wasn't expected to come back so soon, but he did, and when he did, he brought Gokudera with him to put him in a challenge against Sawada to prove his worth.

For one of the first times in his life, Gokudera was surprised. He never thought this kind of strength would come from lowly nobles. It was amazing, refreshing, reassuring.

Most of all, it was warm.

Gokudera didn't want to, but the flames did move into him, communicating, reverberating.

"So, what do you think?" Reborn then asked him, who was frozen in

place, but with one of his most calmest looks. It was like a serenade of feelings, a truth.

Not what he had expected to see.

"This is the Sawada Tsunayoshi you were talking of.." he solemnly said, watching as the flames went off of the boy. Soft little orange leaving the premise, leaving the brown haired male in the middle of the training field he was in.

He looked like he had not a clue what just happened.

It must've been sudden when the power rush happened, or so Gokudera thought, but when he saw the destroyed targets that were skillfully shot by a rifle, the traps that were covered by peaceful roads..

He knew this was a real deal.

And fighting him wouldn't be necessary.

"Amazing.." he looked over to a broken dummy, feeling the broken barks of hay and wood, uncaring of the splinters that could come from doing that. It was a clean fire, rendering the dummy to not be able to be fixed from the spot it was brutally shot into.

"You said your name was Reborn-san?" he addressed the small teacher, who nodded with a small smile on his face "I understand, I'll consider joining your little team" he brought a fist over to Sawada, who was still looking at himself because he said that a minute ago that he 'burst into a rush of flames!' and was surprised by that, moreover wanting to know how to do it again.

Reborn returned the bump as Sawada still looked, then he finally looked at the silver haired male standing in front of him. He remembered that man as a very scary man, not as scary as Hibari, but as scary that he could flick a bomb and bam, there he goes into the sky.

"Goku..dera-kun?" he asked, letting the name roll on his tongue as he gazed at him. Now that was an improvement if he managed to get the fearsome bomber to smile gently at him and call him 'boss' as well.

"Thank you.." he quietly said to the other. They were both at a similar height, but Sawada's hair gave him more height to be taller than Gokudera. Reborn then stepped in front of the two

"_Welcome to project Veneridae; Gokudera Hayato"__

Gokudera looked at him, then smiled again "That flame thing you did, boss, I.. I can do that too did you know?" he looked a bit excited when he said that, showing a small finger of flame to the other. His flame glowed in a strong red light.

Storm flame.

The disintegrating flame, the one that stands at the Sky's right, or so assumed. The best for demolition, and destruction.

It was perfect for a bombsmith like him.

"That's so cool, Gokudera-kun.." he looked at it thoughtfully. He would really want to start training this strength, moreover get along with Gokudera if he wanted a team to create.

Veneridae was probably one of the terminology for it, or so he assumed Reborn to call it.

This was the start. The birth of a new team. The team of seven flames.

The seven colours to form the rainbow.

Arcobaleno.

Although they were not adopting the name of a rainbow, but they will be the colours _for_ it.

-ooo-

There were some he disliked, those were far from his presence.

Away from the light of the sky, exile.

It didn't matter if they were old, or young. If they were a threat to society, be put away. Fed to the hungry rats.

There was no way out.

It didn't matter if they were hungry or thirsty either, so long as they served what needs the ones who had them wanted, it didn't matter a bit.

It was a harsh reality that was never to be changed.

There was a young one in one of these exiles. So young that one would assume how the hell did he even get there in the first place? And why was he treated like he was worse than the gross adults?

Usually they would release their anger on these isolated people. Sometimes they restrained him for no apparent reason, chained him down as if he was going to attack in a weak state like that.

_It all didn't matter, so long as he wasn't in the sight of the higher-ups. It didn't matter what would happen to him. _

The worst that could happen, and the reason as to why he's not permitted to die is because of the possibility of future usage of this child.

The sky would disapprove.

So much for being the one who accepts all around..

But who is the sky?

* * *

><p>Hi hi~ Sorry for a rather short one for chapter 1, I guess writing a thousand words most of the time has lessened my skill on the 8000+ ones I wrote one time in my life._

**I wonder if anyone can tell what the one reference in this is.**_

**Also, originally I had Gokudera's point of view and what happened cut out, but I decided to add it if I were to post it here to avoid the vagueness.**_

**As always, any sort of feedback is greatly appreciated**

2. Chapter 2

**Subject to rate higher, and possible warnings come later.**_

**If someone says that I am basing this story off something, I'll say no because I am not. Not this time.**_

**Pairings are the usual; 2795 and 1869. I almost planned on 8069 but changed my mind. Though I might consider it.**_

**As always, lovely ****disclaimers: Katekyo Hitman REBORN! and its characters do not belong to me, it belongs to Akira Amano. The idea and setting do though._**_

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_ The Sky is everything."_

**What consisitutes the Sky?**

It has said that the Storm is the one that clings the tightest. It stands by the Sky no matter what happens, whether they like the decision or not. They destroy all their opponents to the bare ashes upon contact.

They are the disintegrators, the destroyers.

Decaying with inevitable when dealt with a Storm.

It is as they say, there is no calm once the Storm comes. It is the calm before the storm, not before.. not after.

This is where the Lightning strikes.

The massive shield of power generated by the pressure of the Storm.

Partners in crime..

What are the Storm and Lightning to the Sky?

-x-

**Chapter 2: Lightning**

Gokudera Hayato.

First and utmost member of the team governed by Sawada Tsunayoshi, under the supervision of Reborn.

A storm guardian.

It was a pure coincidence to Sawada that he had received such a skilled bombsmith to be his first comrade in arms. He was surprised to be honest, he looked like a dumb weakling, how the hell did he attract the attention of the cool and scary silverette?

He wasn't sure where to begin a thing once he found Gokudera as someone he called his companion.

Alright alright.. he knew one thing for sure; sleep. After releasing so much flames that came for the first time in his whole life, he felt exhausted, as if he had a huge mental breakdown and now it was caving down.

Reborn felt like something was accomplished, so he allowed his student to just flop asleep. He let Gokudera in the manor as well as the place was enormous. Gokudera was allowed to have a separate room as well, with clothing and food provided. It was a nice offer for a soldier in arms.

Considering they are not too close as of right now, it was a nice offer. Kind of their leader.

Well.. you do need healthy soldiers in order to fight.

As Sawada was put to sleep in his room by the servants, and Gokudera led to his own, Reborn stayed outside, simply looking at some file.

Seeming to be his schedule that he planned to set out in order to execute his plans. Being meticulous, you would need to have concrete and careful plans, but it is as they say, there is going to be something that backfires.

Something Reborn can never forget, and chooses not to.

he knew there was a catch to executing his plans, but yet, he finds it more than necessarily to conduct them.

And the only help he could get was from the team he was to create. He already planned who the next two he would be contacting, but once again, the question of.. how.

This kid who he was going to call next, was known for being a clan taht weren't too fond of Reborn, or rather just a self-claim by the heir. He wasn't a really high standard as Sawada was, but because of the power of being the ultimate shield, he was on the higher parts of the hierarchy, the one who shields all of the guardians.

The Lightning Guardian.

Unfortunately for Reborn, the only Lightning guardian that could be considered capable of being with a group to be formed with the leader Sawada was a silly one who always prioritized family.

Lambo, of the Bovino family.

The Bovino family itself were a bit of the minority compared to the other Lightning guardian famiglia that one can hear about, but it was a similar case as Gokudera.

They had an arsenal of weapons.

That was one of the only reasons that motivated Reborn into contacting the young Lambo, because he knew the most how to control them despite being a crybaby child as one would claim him to be.

He was only nine years of age, but compared to the past experiences that Reborn had with that boy, he was definitely a bit more, if anything, more controlled than he once was.

Not the best because he was still a lot incapable and needed a lot of training, but the Arcobaleno didn't have the time to deal with travels as no one was allowed to come out of the country and hire foreigners for their work.

It was, after all, a coincidence how Reborn was brought into the country even though he stood out as an outsider. Everyone was too scared to take him out and considered him a good asset to have if they needed him in the long future. The only reason why he was still there.

He couldn't find his other friends that he used to team up with because they were lost within the government, or they had to flee.

Reborn, other than taking his revenge by taking down the government, wanted to have his friends saved from the dangers of the world, and he needed a good team for this.

He mentally smacked his head for choosing such low classed people.

But the only thing that once again motivated him was that they had what others may not; potential.

-O-

The young Bovino was a bit of a coward, but someone who boasted a lot about himself at the same time.

That was the difficult life to live.

He wasn't necessarily a pampered child per say, but he was young. That was the deal with it. The stereotypes always ran that when children are young, they can absorb anything like a sponge and live like that.

He must've watched a lot of things or heard a lot of people talk about their absolute power that he adopted that as part of his language.

Ironically a Lightning Guardian, he's as careless as his self-defense; lacking.

Though he did have a few trump cards that he himself was not aware of even though he used them on a normal basis. His horns of Lightning, and the ten year bazooka.

The ten year bazooka allows him to shift into his self from the ten years ahead of him and switch. That would mean if he was nine right now, his nineteen year old self would take his place and he would go ten years into the future.

The only problem was with this transformation was that it only lasted five minutes. That would mean that if the Bovino child did need to fight with his older self taking his place, it would need to end in about five minutes maximum.

If he used it efficiently as they said he could, it would be very beneficial.

He just needed a push and there he would be.

That was where Reborn stepped in. The family were well aware of him, and knew what he was, and thus a bit intimidated on what he wanted to do related to them, until he said it in the most normal way possible.

"Your son could really help us if you allow us to take him on a mission"

And the father was shocked. Their son? That cute, but sometimes helpless child, helpful to the mighty Reborn?

He cried tears of joy. Not because he wanted to rid of him, but it was an honour if he was able to help someone. To come home with the title of "hero" for saving Reborn, a powerful Arcobaleno.

It was too much to refuse such a good offer, so without the poor boy's consent, they had agreed to the terms and signed whatever deal they needed to.

Only to have the child come right in..

-OO-

"What?" the boy shrieked. He was in state to be out on a war of all

things!

Reborn, who was currently talking to Lambo's father, smiled at him then pointed his gun at him "You choose, be quiet or die" which made the kid angered in fear.

"Dad! You can't let Lambo-san join that boy who's younger than me!" he shouted, taking a bomb out of his pocket and accidentally took off the lid, he was about to throw it but it exploded on himself.

Lambo screamed as it blasted, covering him in the remnants of gunpowder, which made the small Arcobaleno snicker. It wasn't confirmed on what Reborn's age was as of right now, but Lambo was taller than him by an inch or two.

The boy began to cry, throwing more and more bombs which his father than panicked and ran out of the room, Reborn, still a bit incredulous, did what he had to do with the earlier bomber; sidestep all of them. He dashed effortlessly and appeared behind Lambo, kicking him into the bomb frenzy ahead.

Surprisingly he didn't die, of course.

Not because the author was being cruel and wanting to kill the Bovino, oh no no.

It was showing the hardening skill of Lightning. The reason as to why he surprised was a last minute priority that his body generated, Lightning flames detonated the bombs but it also created a shield around the boy that protected him from any damages save for humourous ones.

The place could've exploded, but because of Lambo's shielding powers, it was guarded and unharmed.

This was the strength of Lightning guardians; to harden and withstand any damages that occur, like a human shield, to protect all those around them.

"Darn you Reborn, I'll kill you right now!" Lambo seemed to have some kind of pocket somewhere, but he managed to pull out the ten year bazooka and throw it on himself, shooting himself into the ten year timeframe.

It wasn't a damaging explosion, but there was dust as the bazooka fired, not showing the one who came out of it until it was blown after.

A rather jagged but tall person appeared.

He had a long brown coat, not very long but it was in the phase of growing. It was a messy looking one but clean, his hair curled down his face as he donned a white shirt and dress pants.

This was Lambo from ten years later. Nineteen year old Lambo.

Reborn wondered what kind of world did he live in that he looked like that. Either a world of tragedy, or just him enlisting in war.

Was it a good world or a bad one.

"my goodness.." he scratched his head "I was just in between a nice lunch" he then looked down at where he was.

"Huh?" he glanced at the small boy in front of him, smiling a bit casually. "Aren't you that Reborn boy from a few years ago..?" he bent lower to him and then smiled.

"Hey it really is! You know who I am right..?" his voice was a lot gruffier than it once was. Reborn simply nodded then punched him on the head with a smile.

"Yeah, and you almost thought of killing me, did you?" his voice replied, dripping with a murderous intent as his eyes glowed if only little

"I could show you a real assassin's power if you want me to.."

Lambo stepped back and then exclaimed "I did? Even though I would never want you to leave us again? That's so much like me" he laughed afterwards. Reborn thought, maybe that hit to the head wasn't enough to knock some sense into him.

"Mr. Reborn, could you do me a request?" Reborn looked at him a bit seriously then "Could you tell my younger self to please join your team?"

The Arcobaleno looked slightly in question, as if he wanted him to continue. He might find out something important about the future they are soon to be living in, if he did nothing or something about it.

"Man, I wished I could join so badly.. You guys thought of overtaking that government, but then the guards had half your team captured. Brother Tsuna was killed, Mr. Gokudera went missing.. that scary guy was exiled, the siblings were captured, the sun set forever, and it would never stop raining.." there was a tear drop falling from his eye when he was mentioning all of it.

"And I just.. had to watch"

if he wasn't crying before, he was definitely crying now. "There was this.. big guy who shot brother Tsuna. Big scary hat folks said something about breaking the rules"

Reborn had to piece it together in order to understand what he was saying "How long ago was this, Lambo?" his voice was hardened. It couldn't have been in a week's time, not a month either. It was not all that easy.

"Hm?" he sniffled before wiping his eyes "Sorry, that was.. so long ago, but I still regret not joining your team"

For the older Lambo, it probably was ten years ago, considering it was the present time for Reborn. How long did this man live in regret?

"Please let my younger self join your team, and erase this time.." his voice seemed to lose volume as he continued speaking. "The man you are looking for is not no..."

Whatever he was about to say, he couldn't continue because as soon as he said the last part about joining, the five minutes passed and he was once again replaced by the present time Lambo.

"Goodness.. Lambo-san's hungry" the little one then said. Reborn chose to ignore him as he continued to think.

Were the people he was assigning these roles really worth it?

"Hey Lambo, you seen the future right?" he pointed at the bazooka that was standing a few feet away.

"Yeah, what of it?"

Reborn clicked his tongue. "What did you see in it?" then it seemed that Lambo understood what he meant

"It was scary.. Lambo-san didn't know what to do but run all day." Reborn's eyes widened slightly. He was right in the exact time and situation that the other Lambo described, wasn't he?

"Lambo, do you understand why we need you now?"

Lambo then looked at him. He really was being recruited as something big and important. It was troublesome, but he needed to save the world!

Just like how his father said, it was an honour to be called the saviour after doing it, why not join him?

"Reborn! Let me join"

Reborn then smiled. That was easier than what the older Lambo said it to be. He seemed to have figured it out himself.

"Welcome to Project Veneridae; Lambo"

-ooo-

The only reason as to why Sawada was awake after falling asleep with the flame explosion was that he slipped out of the bed, comically.

As he fell, he hit his head and he woke up. At least no amnesia with that hit, but he sure woke up "Huh?"

he had to wipe his eyes a bit before registering where he was. "Am I in my.. room?" he remembered that he was outside, training hard, but why was he in his room then?

Then he remembered. Gokudera. Reborn came after a few days of leaving, bringing a Storm guardian to him saying that this will be the first member to join his team. Right.. that's what happened.

>After Gokudera was confirmed to being recruited, Sawada then fell asleep out of exhaustion.<p>

Now that he was awake, he needed to ask Reborn about that flame that came out of him as soon as possible. He needed to know how to control

it under a battle he would inevitably face, even though he didn't want to fight it.

He needed to see this through.

Wriggling himself out of the blanket, he looked around his room for any sign of the Arcobaleno, unfortunately nothing. Not like Reborn did come to his room often, but sometimes he would think that he might appear in case of an emergency.

He stepped out of his room in search for him. As he searched, he accidentally ran into a servant who was carrying clothes for Gokudera. Or so he assumed. He quickly apologized before continuing on his search for Reborn.

He wasn't in trouble, was he? Sawada was worried about him now. That Arcobaleno really told him nothing.

Sawada was not ready to see Reborn in a near death situation, or somewhere away from him because he was more of a family member to him than his father would ever be.

This was why he was totally worried about him, and wasn't able to think straight. He wanted to cry if he didn't see him safe, he wanted to hug him and tell him to never leave his side because he is worried if something happens to the small and what he thinks young, Arcobaleno.

It was unacceptable.

Something he would never allow himself to let happen.

To interrupt his pessimistic mind, he was kicked in the head. He fell a few meters away, and it took him a while to register what happened.

"Ow ow ow.." he rubbed his head before looking up to the suited child. "Reborn! There you are" he lightened up when he saw the small Arcobaleno in the fedora.

He waved back at him "Didn't they say 'watch where you're going?' to you before?" he teased as Sawada stood up.

"Reborn.. where were you? First you were gone for a few days, then brought Gokudera-kun as you came back, now you left again? Stop leaving so much..!" he continued to shout at the little one who turned around saying "Is supper ready yet?"

"Don't ignore meeeeeee.." he then began to whine, Reborn turned to look at him. He was practically sobbing. Reborn sighed. Why does he have to deal with so much teens crying all today.

"Tsuna, what happened?" he asked casually, as he stopped upon being looked at. Sawada then threw his arms around the small kid

"I said don't leave me all the time. Darn it.. I get worried, you're so young, and you do radical things!"

Reborn clicked his tongue and ripped himself off of Sawada. "I'm fine, Tsuna. You're the one to worry about." making the other frown

again

"But thanks for worrying about me" he lowered his face, and his hat hid the expression that was held on his face. Then he looked up again, rather comically and asked again "So what's for supper today?"

Sawada shrugged "What it may be, it smells amazing.." Reborn nodded in agreement. "Mama's cooking is always energizing" he said as he began to walk like a child he appeared to be.

This time Sawada didn't stop him, but instead watched him go with a smile on his face. Thank goodness Reborn was unharmed.

Though his train of thought bursted when he saw a kid who looked as small as him come inside, and blankly stared.

"Reborn.. brought him in.."

The kid who was walking in, then saw Sawada and started laughing "You look funny, you could be Lambo-san's lackey!"

Sawada had a comical angry tick on his head. "Lambo.. you called yourself, right?" Lambo nodded at him "I'm your leader."

Although he would never say something like that so boldly, he thought maybe to Lambo, he really should, just because he had a gut feeling this kid really would act like a child.

"Lambo-san doesn't have a leader." he shook his head when Sawada pointed at himself. Of course, upon denying Sawada's command, Lambo was almost bombed again.

>By no other than Gokudera.<p>

"Hey you loud brat. If you don't listen to our boss.. you'll die"

Lambo yawned at the threat given by the bold silverette. He was getting too used to people telling that he might die if such and such didn't happen or so and so listen.

Gokudera's anger only rose at the sight of his uncaring behaviour, lunging at him with dynamites with the intent to kill, and Lambo just provoking him..

Sawada panicked and tried to stop the both as this happened. Reborn of course, didn't involve himself as he was 'waiting for Mama's dinner'

-ooo-

So he said "tell me all about it" as he leant over the near dead people.

Panicked, banned, tortured. These people belonged no where. The sky rejected them, and they rejected the sky in return for the cruel and unusual punishment.

_One of the newer rejects, the youngest among the group, was forced to be put in harsher conditions because of his possibility of being a

threat to society. Even though all of them were._

This one. This young child, in a week's span of time, had already launched a solo attack on all the guards and ones who were keeping them in a place like this.

These were the people he was leaning over. Poking them with the blunt end of a blade, he didn't let them die easily and kindly. Oh no no.. he had something to take his anger out upon.

These were the people who saw it coming. Who deserved death over all things.

Because of this, all the older prisoners of this society bowed to the young boy, looking no lesser than seventeen years of age.

He was dressed as if he was meant to impress someone, but with eyes of a murderer.

This was the new leader of this society. Quiet, mysterious, but charismatic, he stood over the head of the corpses and began to speak, for almost one of the first times prisoners heard him speak.

_ "This world was tainted from the very beginning you set your foot." looking in awe, the voice of the child strung with such a gentleness, one wouldn't believe he just murdered so many people. _

Not to mention the hair that cascaded so long, and clothes that didn't suit his gender, it was almost just a covering, and the frills of dark colour didn't help either.

_ "If you think that you are the one who is wrong.. you __**are**__ incorrect. As it is you, who did nothing to be condemned"__

_ "And I am going to be the one who rids of this dirty world, what would any of you say, would you like to accompany me?" he smiled kindly to them, pulling off a tourniquet off himself and removing a prisoner's cloak, who was hiding himself through most of the time._

As a sign of respect shown to the hidden prisoner, he removed the cloak and threw it on himself, but leaving the hood off.

_ "Does that sound like a plan?"__

The cheers of the broken, the cries of the feared. It was almost something happy for a broken part of society.

_Where was the sky if they are able to cry in joy without it's presence?__

* * *

><p>As always, any sort of feedback is greatly appreciated_

End
file.